Wayland, July 7th, 1865.

Friend Garrison,

I want some help, which perhaps you can render me. I know you will, if you can. I am writing an account of William & Ellen Crafts, and I cannot obtain all the information I wish. I applied to Mr. Nell some time ago, but he could only procure newspaper scraps about what occurred while they were in Boston. I have also Theodore Parker's Life, wherein they are mentioned, and Conway's Letter to the Commonwealth. But what I want most, and cannot get, is something about them before they came North. Did they belong to the same master? How old were they? When did they first begin to think about freedom, and how was it? Did

William then know a trade, and what trade was it? Were their master kind or severe? Had William a young master, for whom Ellen passed herself off? &c. &c. When did they arrive in Boston? Was there any pamphlet about them published at the time? Or was there a full account in the Liberator? If there was, I wish you would take it off file, if you can without injury, and send it to me. I will send it back carefully very soon. If you cannot get it off file, I will come to the office and consult it, if the account is a copious one.

Perhaps Mr. Louis Hayden can give some information, or tell where it can be obtained.

I am writing it for the Freedmen's Book which is nearly completed. I am writing over nearly every prose article I extract, so as to give them as much as possible in

the smallest space, and to give it in a very clear and simple form.

I am a great lover of mental order, and in this case it is peculiarly necessary for the class of readers I address. I am taking more pains with it than I should if it were intended for young princes, or sprigs of what men call nobility. In the first place, my theory is that whatever is done at all ought to be well done; and in the next place, I have a more and more tender feeling toward what are called "the lower classes". If I live to be ninety years old, and go on at this rate, I shall be the rabidest radical that ever pelted a throne, or upset an image.

How refreshing it is to live in days, when Senators, and Governors, and Presidential Candidates address colored men as "Gentlemen"! Thank God we live to see it! I want to live a while to see the glorious work go on. Don't

you? Perhaps, however, we should see it better from yonder; and perhaps be enabled to help better, too.

Remember me with true affection to Mrs. Garrison, and the younger members of your household, and believe me always very truly and cordially your friend

L. Maria Child.

P.S. Mr. Child is very well, and would send greetings if he knew of my writing.

Please reply as soon as you can conveniently. I have written this nearly in the dark; so please excuse the scrawling.